

WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions and the Activities of Women.

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DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD.
Correspondence is invited. Address all communications to the Woman's Editor of The Washington Herald.
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THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1915.

Why Be Sombre?

Count the next dozen women that you pass in the street or see from your window and see how many of them are frocked in black or tones of gray or navy blue so dark as to appear black? From our office window we have just made such a count, and these are the mournful results: Six women in black, three in navy blue so dark as to appear practically black, one in a muddy brown and two neutral grays. That makes a dozen, and not one note of color. Of course, the men that pass are also dressed in these deadly dark colors, for fashion among civilized Europeans and Americans for some hundred years and more. So now as we look out on busy Washington streets the only human being not attired in the drab tones is the street cleaner, who performs most wear white during his hours of labor.

Why is this tendency for women to adopt the colorless hues for outdoor wearing apparel more and more? Are we coming to a time when women, like men, will give up the use of colors altogether? It really looks that way, doesn't it? Within the last quarter of a century this tendency has been on the increase. The feeling on the part of well-dressed women especially that dark, neutral colors are best for the street and for outdoor wear seems growing more general every year. And once a woman gets out of the habit of wearing street frocks of bright colors she almost never gets back into the way of it again.

Such seems to be the tendency of modern civilization. A hundred and fifty years ago both men and women went about in gay plumage. The colors of the court circles of those days outshone in brilliance the plumage of the birds of the tropics, and now the conventional male confines his taste for colors to a small, narrow strip of silk he calls his necktie—and this season even that tends to the magpie combination of black and white.

Of course, for many, many centuries before the invention of cheap chemical dyes rich colors were not within the reach of ordinary folk. Purples, crimsons, greens and blues were colors so costly that their use was mainly confined to the great nobles of the land, to the vestments of the priests, and the costly apparel of the aristocracy.

But this economical consideration is no longer necessary. Gay colors cost not a whit more than the drab hues. Is this tendency for us to wear drab colors nothing more nor less than a desire to follow the line of least resistance, a desire to be inconspicuous that lurks within the breasts of most of us?

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Thursday, April 22, 1915.
Astrology finds today unfavorable for all vocations. Neptune and the Sun are all adverse, while late at night Mars alone is in benefic aspect.

The rule is sinister for commerce. Conditions are threatening to shipping and a disaster in the Pacific Ocean is prophesied.

Neptune gives warning of secret intrigue against authority. Treachery on the part of a foreign nation is foretold.

There is an evil sign for the Orient. Great losses for Turkey are foretold. This is not a fortunate day for seeking employment, especially where favors or consideration may depend on the aged a quest is likely to be unlucky.

The stars are read as indicating an important treaty or alliance, next month, in which Great Britain will gain.

South Africa has the augury of two years of depression and unsettled conditions.

The transit of Saturn over the Meridian next month indicates reverses and added trouble for Austria.

President Wilson is warned by the stars of new anxieties which may affect his health and compel him to rest at a critical time in national affairs.

He has the best augury for personal popularity, but may face criticism for some one near him.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition is subject to the most favorable conditions for the next two months, if the interpretation of the signs is trustworthy.

Danger and possible death for an American war correspondent are fore-shadowed.

Persons whose birthdate it is may have a year of ups and downs. Both men and women should conserve their resources.

Children born on this day have the augury of variety and change in life. They may be too fond of wasting time and seeking amusement, but as subjects of Taurus they should be self-reliant, practical and patient.

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ALI BEN LOST HIS HAREM.

Twelve Beauties Lured Away by Pathless Haasen Mehmet.

New York, April 21.—Somewhere in the general direction east of Suez, and proceeding in a more general direction as fast as twelve beauties who once adorned a harem will permit him, is Haasen Mehmet. In Smyrna is Ali Ben Barbut, who once had a harem and now devotes all his time to sharpening a sword.

Let them to this tale of a raid of a harem, brought to port today by Basil Meyer, former teacher of English in the International college at Smyrna, and weep for Ali Ben.

Haasen Mehmet, a Turk, has a rich father who indulged him in his wanderlust. When he came to Smyrna his eye fell upon Zuleika, jewel of Ali Ben's harem. Followed days and nights in signaling, it was found that there should be a fight from the harem, but when the day of the flight came Haasen found twelve Zuleikas awaiting him at the waiting place. Rather than lose the Zuleika of his dreams, Haasen gathered them all to his bosom and made a graceful exit from Smyrna.

Anyone knowing their whereabouts should write Ali Ben.

FAMOUS WOMAN HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

April 22—Ada Rehan.

Ada Rehan, one of the most brilliant women comedienne ever seen in this country, was born in Limerick, Ireland, fifty-five years ago today. Her father, an Irishman named Crehan, came to this country with his children when Ada was but 5, so to all intents and purposes America was her home. Her sisters went on the stage at an early age and the opportunity for her to try her skill came when she was but 14. Her sisters' company was playing in Newark, N. J., and, owing to the absence from the company of one of the leading women, Ada was given a chance to appear. So successful was she that after a family conference in the Crehan family it was decided that Ada should take up acting as a life-work.

Before long Ada Rehan had made a place for herself, playing with such stars as Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. During the course of her stage life she created some forty characters. That she was a comedienne of the first class no one denied and many were those who thought that she had never known her equal in farce. She possessed a buoyant and mirthful spirit seldom matched by any actress. Her most celebrated role was that of Rosalind in "As You Like It." (Copyright, 1915.)

TOMORROW'S MENU.

Breakfast: Stewed Rhubarb, Rice and Cream, Corned Eggs, Toast, Coffee.

Luncheon or Supper: Hamburg Steak, Potato Chips, Graham Bread, Shred Butters, Tea.

Dinner: Vegetable Soup, Corned Beef, Baked Potatoes, Stewed Onions, Orange and Grapefruit Salad, Mashed Cauliflower.

Carried eggs—Heat two cupsful of stock with two teaspoonfuls of curry powder and a little onion juice and then add a cupful of rice, heated, and thickened with a couple of teaspoonfuls of flour and rubbed smooth in a little cold milk or butter. Cook the whole mixture until it is smooth and thick, pour over hot boiled eggs, cut in quarters.

Hamburg steak—Make a loaf of Hamburg steak and cover with very thin strips of bacon. Bake thoroughly, basting occasionally with the fat in the pan and melted butter, and serve with tomato sauce.

Corned beef—After corned beef has been served hot, return it to the water in which it was cooked and bring it to the boiling point. Then let it stand overnight to cool in this liquor. This method makes the meat tenderer and juicier.

Harvard men at press club.

With the kinemacolor motion pictures of the great European war at the Press Club tonight will be the members of the Harvard baseball club, headed by the captain, director and coach, and including such athletes as Charles Brickley, Tacks Hardwick and Eddie Mahan, of football fame, and Fowler, the runner, who will be master of the club. The Gantvoort, barytone of "The Little Domino" company, will render several selections.

Some idea of the quality of the pictures to be shown may be gained by the fact that the 3,000 feet of film has been selected from 40,000 feet made at a cost said to be \$200,000.

Today's Fashion Note.

Fish in an Aquarium.

An aquarium with gold fishes in it is a very attractive addition to a children's nursery, and is sure to be a source of endless amusement to the children.

But anybody who allows an aquarium in his house should forbid the house to cats and should insist on a "hands-off" policy on the part of small children.

Nothing more cruel could be imagined than an aquarium free to the ravages of thoughtless or cruel children or cats—not thoughtless, but essentially cruel, but simply uneducated in the niceties of civilization.

Another thing the woman with an aquarium should demand that is, she should care for the aquarium as carefully as she does for her children. The needs of the aquarium are few, but it is downright cruelty to confine any living thing in such a way that it is helpless, and then to see that it is comfortable and healthy.

Of first importance is plenty of fresh water. In the bottom of the aquarium put a layer of the gravel, rather deep, and fill the aquarium with water. Change it several times a week. You can tell when it needs changing by watching the fish. If they come to the top of the water and thrust their noses up into the air, the water can safely be changed.

Some fresh-water plants should be put into the aquarium. They will do much to keep the water in good condition for the fish. And don't put too many fish in a small aquarium.

To remove all sediment from the water and to remove the stale water, have a siphon. This should be used at least twice a week, and often in warm weather and when the fish show breathlessness.

Never let the water get too warm, either from a radiator or from the sun. It is a good plan to keep it in the sunshine part of the day, but when the sun is very warm or bright, a piece of stiff blue paper should be used to shade it.

Feed fish two or three times a week and give them only the prepared fish food. This is by all means the most wholesome food for them, and bread crumbs, or other bits of food are not only bad for the fish but decompose and make the water stale.

(Copyright, 1915.)

What a Man Thinks.

Some women marry because they haven't the courage to remain single. Some women marry because a man has asked them to and they don't like to say "no." Some women marry because they want a little more money in their purses and a larger credit at the store.

Some women marry because they want to put "Mrs." on their name cards and the word wife on their tombstones. Some women marry for money—money, and nothing else. And with it there come responsibilities of which they never dream. Some women marry because they love the man; because they want to be his wife, his friend, and his helpmate; because they want to make him feel that there is one woman in the world whom he can love and cherish, and from whom he can receive love and consideration in return; because they want to make him feel that if sorrow comes he has a sympathetic, loving friend close beside him, and that in the day of joy there is one who can give him smile for smile. These are the only women worth marrying.—Providence Journal.

Picture Review Patterns

On Sale at S. KANN, SONS & CO.

Nothing more attractive than this frock of rose and white stripes is found among the advance modes. It has a high collar, long sleeves, lace braid and plain satin, and a full skirt. The neck is finished in square effect. Medium size requires six yards of 44-inch material and 3/4 yard satin. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 6142. Sizes, 32 to 44-inch bust. Price, 15 cents.

Picture Review Patterns

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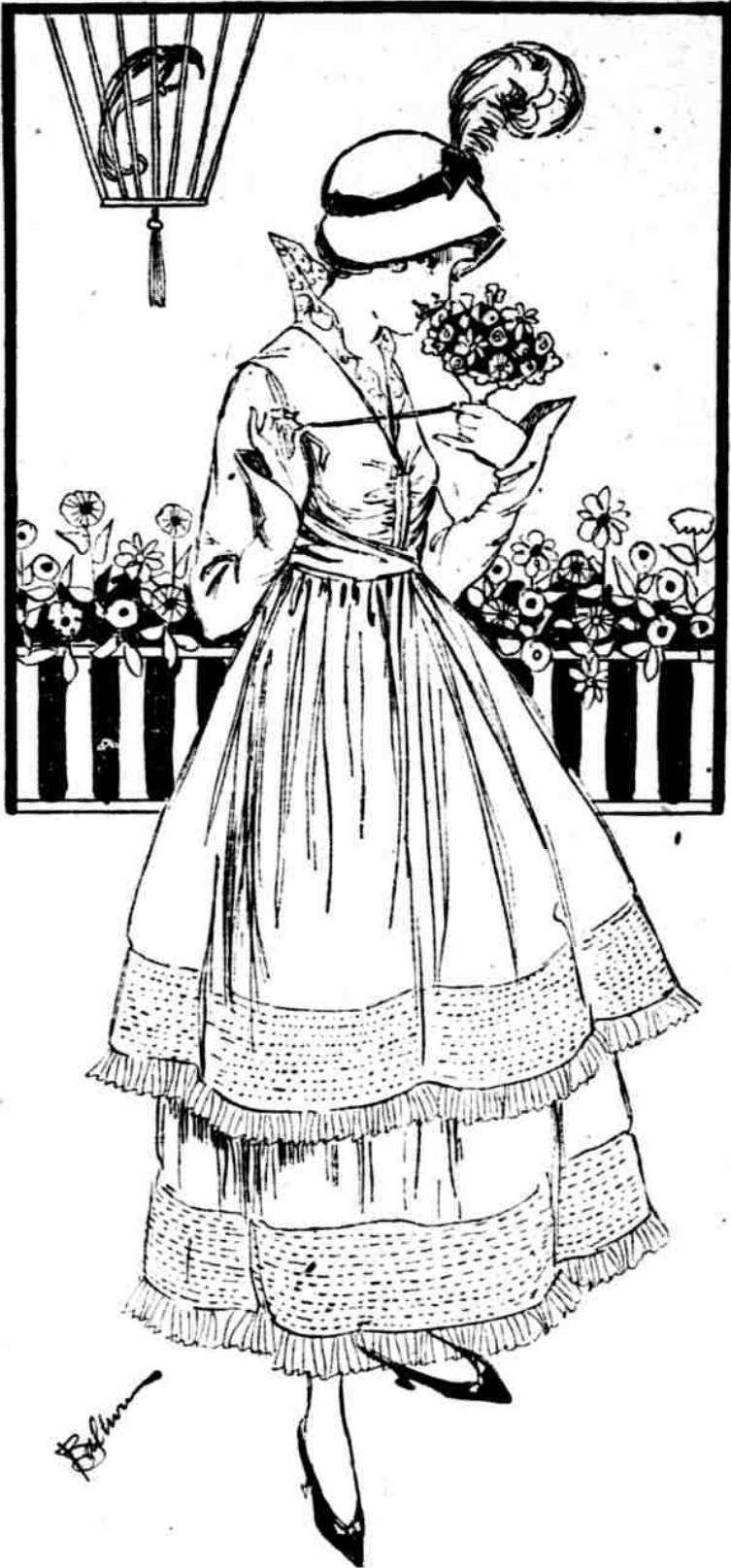
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THE TUXEDO GIRL



ATTRACTIVE GOWN SHOWN AT TUXEDO

A simple gown of white taffeta, which bore the signature of "Toodles," was included in the wardrobe of a recent arrival at Tuxedo. It might be used for a smart function, for afternoon tea or even for an informal evening affair. The skirt was in two-flounce arrangement, the upper somewhat wider than the under, and bordered with novelty black braid, which in turn was edged with a narrow box-pleat quilling of the taffeta. In lines of fashion this season, the gown was a masterpiece of design. The front draping of the bodice was suggested by the silhouette of a pair of almost one year ago, and which this same designer had the honor to introduce.

Of particular interest was the poka hat, a sort of modification of the 1913 scullie shape, with its tall trimming balancing the bell outline of the dress.

Hats Without Trimming.

Miss Henrietta Rodman, one of the New York feminists who refuses to take her husband's name, speaking of the handicaps of professional women, said: "We still have the greatest handicap of all—children. We must relieve the working mother of the care of child and household. Co-operative nurseries and kindergartens, co-operative apartments will remove all difficulties. Then the millstone will be removed from the woman's back, and she can be a serious worker, with years of labor before her. In place of being confronted with marriage and final cessation of all the work which she does best."

WEARS HAT WITH LIVE SONG BIRD

Bess (Toodles) Ryan.

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DAILY SHORT STORY.

ANDREWS OF THE APRIL FLOOD

By WM. H. OSBORNE.

(Copyright, 1915.)
Andrews rose from his seat and looked down upon the girl. He fumed with his hat.

"I'm sorry," he faltered. "I thought it might be different. I'm getting along so well over in town and this spring I thought perhaps that we—that I—I might find somewhere around here and—"

He paused. "I'm sorry," he repeated.

The girl flushed. She glanced over toward the mountains. It was in the month of April, but the mountain top was still white with the winter's snow.

"I'm sorry, too," she replied, in a tone that indicated that she was not so sorry as she seemed. Andrews started off. Suddenly he returned and once more laid down his hat.

"I'm sorry," he exclaimed, impulsively. "I tell me something. I can stand it, and I want to know. We—we've grown up together. You can afford to be frank with me. Is that anybody else?"

She slowly shook her head. "No one in particular," she said.

"What is it then?" he persisted. She looked at him for a moment. "I'll tell you, Stephen Andrews," she said: "It is not your fault, but you are not my kind of a man. Oh, I know."

Andrews added hastily, "You are college bred and what these people call smart and all that." She hesitated.

"I don't know," she continued, "whether I have been reading too many novels in my time or not, but I—there must be something more in the man than that—I don't know just how to express it. I think you understand."

Andrews smiled in spite of himself. "You mean," he said, "that I wear spectacles and that I don't tan up quite so much as the other fellows in the summer. I am not impulsive. My name is not Ivanhoe. Is that it, Louise?"

The girl sighed and looked off toward the white hills. "I do like strong muscular men," she admitted. "I have no hesitation in saying this to Andrews, for he generally said to him just what she meant, and he never smiled a grim smile. He had never told her that he held the record for boxing and wrestling in his college class, and he did not propose to tell her so."

"Like John Duryea, for instance," he suggested. Again the girl flushed. For as she sat there, she had contrasted the two men, somewhat to the detriment of the man before her.

"As you please," she answered, a bit coldly. Suddenly she turned to him. "You said," she went on, "that I thought you were not impulsive. Tell me honestly—if this house were on fire and I were upstairs and you were down below—would you brave the danger that might exist and rush in to my rescue—at the risk of your life?"

Andrews smiled again. "Would John Duryea," he asked. The girl nodded. "He would—I know he would," she answered. Andrews shook his head.

"It's a hard thing to answer," he replied. "Circumstances might alter cases. I should stop to think first—and then?"

"And then?" pursued the girl. "I can't tell," returned the man. "I would do the best I could. It's a nice question," he added.

He said all this in an amused sort of way. The girl was serious. Andrews became serious again. He knew too well that the girl was uttering her thoughts, and he was not sure that his eyes, but remain unuttered. He realized with bitterness that the man who looks and acts like a hero is the man after all. Duryea was such a man.

"I am sorry," he reiterated, and he went.

John Duryea was not a youth of intellect, but he had a kindling eye, and he had that appearance of animal courage and spirits that are so taking. Andrews envied him—he would have given all his intelligence and experience—he would have relinquished all the lessons he had learned in youthfulness and hard work—to be in the shoes of this man Duryea.

The snow on the mountains melted—melted in a day and a night. The town talked of it. The roar of the waters could be heard afar off. Duryea called at the girl's house. "Come down and see the flood," he said. They had been before, but it was at all times an interesting sight. They strolled toward the Long Bridge. The waters roared under this bridge like a cataract. The eye could detect clearly the trembling of the timbers.

"We'd better not go on the bridge," exclaimed the girl, halting just before they reached it. Duryea threw back his shoulders.

"Come on," he said with an air of bravado. "I'll take care of you." The girl looked at him with admiration and laughed. They went. She shivered as she felt the timber tremble beneath her feet. The man lightly put his arm about her—it was good to feel his strength. It gave confidence. Suddenly he pointed her the road. "Look," he shouted in her ear. "Here comes Andrews." The girl looked. Sure enough it was Andrews, running and waving his hand. He was warning them off the bridge, but they waved lightly back to him. He reached the entrance and stood there. They beckoned him to come, but he shook his head. He was afraid.

A mile above the bridge something was coming down. It was nothing but a conical little spring convection of logs.

"Your friend Andrews is afraid," shouted Duryea to the girl. She nodded. At that moment something happened. With a roar and a crash like thunder and lightning a few of the logs struck one end of the bridge and it went down. Duryea turned pale. He was impulsive. He was muscular and agile. And as a result, in no time he had sprinted toward the other end and stood on terra firma. The girl was too dazed to move. The second edition of logs buried itself against the bridge. In the middle of the bridge went down. On the shore two men watched. The girl had disappeared.

One man cast himself upon the ground and cried aloud in frenzy. He was a muscular chap. His name was Duryea. The other stood watching and thinking. He thought twice before he acted. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a pale face and a few tresses of golden hair still untouched by the flood.

Then he did a queer thing. He darted down the side of the stream for a hundred yards until he caught up with this pale face and golden hair. When he was within reach he leaped forward into the stream, and worked his way through the muddy torrent and over the impetuous logs to the place where he had seen the girl. He held her. The flood had claimed her for its loved one. But as her face again appeared, Andrews claimed her from the flood. And then the fight began. It was the fiercest and the most both raging mad—against one man, and the girl he held within his arms.

By this time a crowd lined the shore. Andrews knew what he did or how he did it. His hand was on the girl and he fought and buffeted with odds that he had never met before. He fought like a wild man—fought to regain the shore, fought to rescue the girl and himself. Suddenly there was a shout—some one had thrown a rope. Andrews missed it. They threw again. Andrews caught it. Then the crowd held its breath. Then of a sudden there was a mighty shout. There was one man that did not

SUSANNA COCROFT OR How to be Healthy In Mind-In Body THE SMILE.

Did you ever see a child brought out of a sulky mood? At making his latest life will resist, pull down the corners of the mouth, avert the eyes, but the spoken joke, or perhaps a little mechanical tickling of the chin finally prevails, the laugh comes and the clouds, once broken, are chased entirely away.

There are some unfortunate natures that seem to love to cherish gloom and resentment. If you see this tendency in a child, make it laugh frequently so it does not form wrong mental habits. It is impossible to foster a grievance while the lips are smiling.

Every thought persisted in puts the nerves and muscles of the body in a corresponding attitude. For instance, if one is mentally depressed, the muscles of the face and body sag; the chest lowers, the corners of the mouth droop, etc. If one is cheerful, the head and shoulders lift, etc. This shows the direct effect of the mind upon the nerves and muscles.

But we reverse the process: Put the muscles and nerves in an attitude representing cheer and courage, by the reflex action of nerves upon the brain, and the thoughts are brighter and more cheerful. This is the secret of the cheerfulness of an attitude of despondency; let your face express it, let your body droop; hold the position, smile, lift the chest, breathe deeply and see what the effect is upon your mind. Your grievance seems foolish.

Don't forget we are forming habits, mental as well as physical, and we are learning to direct our mental muscles as well as our physical.

Children are very quick to note the influence of their mental condition on their general health and well-being. I saw an amusing instance of this recently in a family I visit a great deal. The youngest child, a dear little girl of 10, was very naughty one evening; she wouldn't play with her brother and sister, was sulky, would not read, would not take part in any game—just generally naughty. Her mother finally sent her to bed, saying she had better stay by herself until she got over this naughty spell.

The next morning she seemed her usual loving self, but when the family assembled for lunch the mother noticed she refused food and looked pale. On being interrogated, the child confessed to a headache.

"Well," said the mother, "after a naughty fit is passed, we don't as a rule talk about it, but I shouldn't think that a little girl in the morning should have a headache." The child's mouth quivered, she left her place to bury her head on her mother's shoulder, and the conversation ended.

If the child had been made to laugh at the consequences of her sulkiness, she would undoubtedly have been spared the unpleasant evening and the physical malaise that followed.

In the Boy Scout Manual there is a paragraph to the effect that a scout's mouth should "curve up at the corners" and one of the scout pins carries out this idea—the line of it curves up "like a scout's mouth." The desirability of a

smiling mouth is an excellent idea to impress on the young mind.

We are all better for seeing a smile; we are much the better for wearing one. Far be it from me to recommend the stilted smile, but for the sake of ourselves, even the stilted smile is better than a long, drawn, sad, depressed face.

One of the hardest things in life is to live with a person who never smiles, or, if he does, smiles with an effort. It is a shell through which the sunshine of life does not penetrate. Barrie was right in "What Every Woman Knows," when he said that you could not reach a man's heart until you could make him smile. Then it is that he is receptive to the beauties of life, he takes in the sunshine and, if he takes it in, he must give it out.

God bless the dear, sweet, smiling faces expressing the peace, the beauty, the kindness, the love, and the joy of life! They do more to promote the world's brightness and health than all the separate petitions or a sham raffle imitating a petticoat, as was fashioned of bright green, accented-pleated hem-stitched chiffon, says the Philadelphia Press. One other black gown had a false ruffe petticoat of black tulle, edged with gold braid. The bodice of this gown had a double row of small gold braid buttons. Made by hand, these buttons varied in size, but it is just such touches that make French gowns distinctive.

In the lingerie accessories to the French love to put wonderful little stitches and beautiful finishing touches. So long sleeves the cuffs fastening with small snaps or hooks and eyes are finished with lingerie buttons and simulated buttonholes. Picot edged shaped pieces of colored handkerchief linen are daintily applied. The turn-over portion will have three tiny hand-run cords. Handkerchief linen in colors is used on cloth suits, and the lingerie waist is worn beneath the coat of the suit. For instance, a blue cloth suit had a piece of handkerchief linen in an Alice blue shade added to the collar. The white chiffon waist was also trimmed with the blue linen. Another gown had stiffened and beaded collar and cuffs of white linen, and these, mind you, on a gown of chiffon and silk.

Weak Eyes.

Miss C. asks: "Do you think that weak eyes can really be helped by exercise?" My oculist says there is nothing wrong but weakness.

Slip the feeding period and wait for the next. If it occurs several times in succession ask your physician if you should not lengthen the time between feeding periods. That is, if you have been feeding the child every three hours, gradually lengthening the time between feeding to four hours.

(Copyright, 1915.)

To Produce Vomiting.

Mrs. J. B. A. asks: "What is the best way to produce vomiting in case of poisoning?"

Give large quantities of lukewarm water, with ground salt, a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful to a glass of the water, and put the finger or a feather or any clean, convenient article down the throat as far as possible.

If Baby Refuses Food.

Mrs. C. A. writes: "When a baby sleeps over his nursing period and refuses to nurse when put to the breast, how can you regulate the periods?"

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(Copyright, 1915.)

WHAT MAKES A FRENCH GOWN

Have you ever seen a number of French models, really seen them close enough to examine all the little details that express the individuality of the designers? The models sent this year are particularly charming and not an account of any of those developed here in America from the French models. The imported models bear inspection, and one wonders (espe-

cially if one is an American), at the time expended in designing and execution. For instance, a Direct gown carrying out the Moven Age lines in black chiffon, a tight bodice of rose and gold brocade. The high collar, waist, which is buttoned up to the chin, had pointed turn-overs of taffeta, edged with the finest gold cord. The petticoat of this gown (for many of the new models have separate petticoats or a sham ruffe imitating a petticoat), was fashioned of bright green, accented-pleated hem-stitched chiffon, says the Philadelphia Press. One other black gown had a false ruffe petticoat of black tulle, edged with gold braid. The bodice of this gown had a double row of small gold braid buttons. Made by hand, these buttons varied in size, but it is just such touches that make French gowns distinctive.

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